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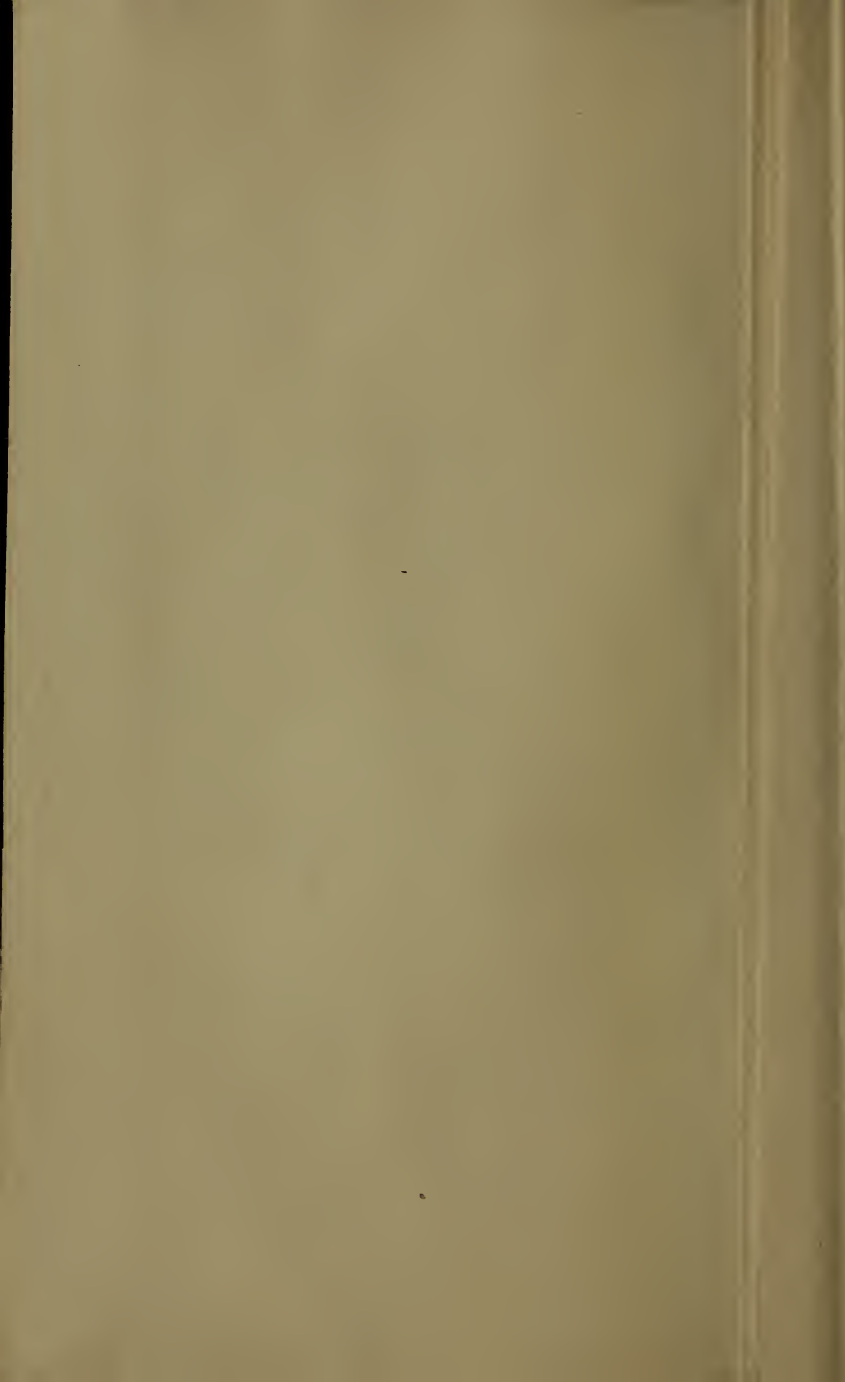


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*Deposited in District Clerk's Office
18th Sept. 1832. Vol. 8th p. 363.*

MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM P. HUTCHINSON,

WHO DIED AT

BETHLEHEM, N. H.

APRIL 12th, 1832.

AGED FOUR YEARS, SEVEN MONTHS AND
TWENTY DAYS



REVISED BY THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY.

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MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM P. HUTCHINSON.

WILLIAM P. HUTCHINSON was born in Lyman, N. H. August 23d, 1827. He was the oldest son of parents who professed to love and serve the Lord, by whom he was, in infancy, given up in baptism. At a very early age he exhibited marks of an active mind. He was playful and affectionate, though he had strong passions. He took much notice of what he saw and heard, and improved very fast in understanding the meaning of words. This encour-

aged his parents to begin, when he was quite young, to tell him about God who made all things ; and to teach him to repeat portions of Scripture, hymns, and catechism. At the same time they were careful that he should not learn any silly rhymes, which might corrupt his mind and spoil his taste for things useful.

Before he was three years old, he began to attend the Sabbath school, which was very pleasing and beneficial to him. He was especially pleased that he could have the privilege of bringing home a Sunday school book for his mama to read to him.

The same season he attended the day school, and made very good improvement in learning to read, while he gained the affections of the teacher and scholars.

When permitted to ride abroad with his parents, it was very pleasing to observe the openings of his little mind, and his remarks upon the objects which he saw. This afforded his parents an opportunity of teaching him many useful things. He was in the habit of reading to his mother every day when there was no school, and thus, he was constantly improving: and before he was four years of age, he began to read little stories, and was soon able to read the Testament and Sunday school books, and get his lessons himself. Now his heart was filled with joy, to think he could read himself, instead of being dependent upon others to read to him, although he would still listen to others with increasing interest. He was much delighted to read what he had before been taught; and when

reading in the Testament and other books, he would often speak with much animation, "that is what you told me about, Ma' ;" or "there is my verse, Ma'." Thus we see what a fine thing it is for children to learn to read. His parents felt richly paid for all their toil in teaching him, when they saw how much pleasure and benefit it afforded him. They endeavored to provide such books for him as he could understand, and would be useful to him.

And now he improved more rapidly than ever. He would get his lessons regularly, every day, and would ask many questions about what he read ; and was evidently much happier than he would have been, if he had not learned to read. And here I would mention one thing in the character of

this little child, which my young readers will do well to imitate, which is, a spirit of perseverance.

When he began a book with the intention of reading it through, he did not grow tired of it, but with a little attention and encouragement, would pursue his purpose till it was accomplished. His lessons were generally short, to prevent weariness; but when he was very much pleased with what he was reading, he would read several pages without weariness. It was evident that he was very favorably influenced in his conduct and feelings by his lessons and reading. He was seldom known to tell a lie, even to hide his faults, for he knew the Bible said, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy."

And his catechism said, "My tongue must never tell a lie, because the God of truth is nigh."

His lessons were very useful, also, in teaching him to obey his parents, and to be kind to his brother and sister, and others. Like many other children, he liked to have his own way.

But his parents endeavored to teach him to be submissive, obedient, and kind; and they found much advantage from reminding him of what he had learned. It probably saved him many corrections; and if at any time they found it necessary to correct him, they could remind him that the Bible said, "Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest." He seemed to think that his parents were very kind to correct him when he was naughty, so that he

might not grow up a wicked boy, but might learn to be good and wise. He many times manifested much concern that he had such a wicked heart, and would ask his parents to pray, that God would give him a new heart, and forgive his sins, so that he might not go to hell if he should die, but go and live with God and the blessed Saviour, in heaven. He seemed to think much about Jesus Christ, and thought he was very good to say so many kind things about little children. There was nothing he learned which seemed to attract his attention more than those lessons that told about the Saviour. He was much interested with a picture of Jesus Christ on the cross, and spent much time in looking at it. When less than three years and a half old, his mother was telling him something that

the Saviour would do; he replied, "No, he can't; Jesus Christ is dead." It then occurred to her mind, that although she had told him of his being crucified, she had not told him of his resurrection. She then told him that, three days after Jesus was crucified, he rose from the dead, and they never would crucify him again. This filled him with much joy. She then told him about the resurrection of saints at the day of judgment. And it was ever after a very pleasing idea to him, that all the good people that died would rise again. He would often say, when speaking of some one that he had known, who was dead, "Will they rise again at the day of judgment?" It was the endeavor of his parents to render the Sabbath as interesting to him as they could; and they succeed-

ed so far that it seemed to be, at least, as pleasant to him as any day in the week. Although prohibited from playing, he would often ask, "How many days will it be before Sabbath day? And what story did you promise to tell me from the Bible, Ma'?" Hearing Scripture stories, and reciting answers in catechism, was the usual exercise of Sabbath evening; and it seemed to be the most delightful part of the day to him. He would listen very attentively, and remembered much of what he heard.

In this way he learned many things contained in the Bible, which would have taken him a great while to learn by reading. He was very fond of hearing stories, and his parents were careful that he should not hear foolish stories, which were untrue, and calcu-

lated to injure his mind and corrupt his heart. But they always wished that what stories were told him should be useful and entertaining. There was one which he would ask to hear oftener than any other, and which very much delighted him, and that was, "The little woodman, and his dog Cæsar." And one thing in the story always attracted his notice, that although little William's brothers were so wicked, and treated him so cruelly, "afterwards they were sorry and became good." And for similar reasons he was much pleased with the story of the prodigal son, spoken of in Luke, xv. Indeed, it always seemed to give him much pleasure when he heard of any who had been very wicked to be told that, "afterwards they were sorry and became good."

He seemed much interested about the heathen, who were wicked and unhappy, and did not know how to become good, because they knew nothing about God and the Bible. Especially little heathen children who had no books, and no one to teach them any thing useful ;—but were taught to worship idols that did not know any thing, and could do them no good. He was glad to hear about the missionaries teaching the heathen, and that some of the heathen had become good ; and he hoped that they would all hear about God and become good some time.

He loved to attend the monthly concert, because so many people prayed for the heathen that day ; and he would save all his cents to put into the contribution to be given to the missionaries. He had become quite interested

about temperance. He once saw the picture of a drunkard in a little book, and as he was ever inquisitive to know the meaning of what he saw, he wanted to know all about it. So his parents told him of the evils of drunkenness, and that they thought it was wrong to drink even a little ardent spirit, although some people thought differently.

After this, it was fixed in his mind, that drinking *rum* was a very bad thing, and that a drunkard was a dreadful creature. He was once told that they kept rum at a tavern that was near; and that people sometimes went there and got drunk. He thought much about it, and soon said to his mother, “Ma’, *who gets the rum?*” “Mr. —, the tavern-keeper,” was the reply. “What does he get rum for, to give

to folks and make them drunk ? ”

“ Because they give him money for it. ”

“ But what does he get rum for to make folks drunk, if they do give him money ? ”

Now, although he had been told many times that it was wrong to drink rum, he had never been told that it was wrong to sell it. This he thought of himself. At another time he heard his mother telling some one that her two youngest children had never tasted ardent spirit, but that she gave her oldest a little when a babe. He came to her with a look of regret, and said, “ Ma’, what did you give me rum for when I was a little baby ? ” He was told that it was because he was in pain, and she thought it might do him good. He replied with emphasis, “ Well, it would’nt do me good, Ma’, and you

should'nt have given it to me." Now, although this was not quite respectful, his mother thought herself, that it would have been better to have given him something else for his pain.

About three weeks before his last sickness, there was a temperance meeting appointed in the neighborhood. He was very anxious to attend, but it was not thought best. He was quite determined, and manifested an unusual degree of stubbornness, which seemed to render it necessary to chastise him. But he was not so thoroughly subdued, but that he manifested some ill-temper, to a young female living in the family, after his parents were gone to the meeting. After a time, he came to her filled with grief, and said, "M——, I am sorry I have been so naughty; will you forgive me?" She said,

“Yes.” Not being satisfied with this, he repeated many times, “*Will you forgive me?*” She assured him, that she did heartily forgive him. Upon this he embraced her, and kissed her many times. He then asked, “Do you think Pa’ and Ma’ will forgive me?” She told him, she presumed they would, very willingly. “Well, do you think that God will forgive me?” She told him, God would forgive him if he was really sorry. “Well,” he says, “I am sorry, and shan’t I go and pray to God to forgive me?” She told him he had better go. He then went into another room, and as he left the door partly open, she sat where she could see and hear him, although he did not know it. He kneeled down and prayed that God would forgive him, and give him a new

heart; then prayed that God would bless his parents; and that they might correct him, when he was naughty, that he might not grow up wicked like Eli's sons,—but that he might learn to be a good boy and go to heaven. Then prayed for his little brother and sister, that they might be good children when they grow older, and not be naughty as he was. Then prayed for the heathen—for the missionaries—and finally for every body. Weeping and sobbing at intervals so that he could not speak. In this way he continued praying and weeping fifteen minutes. His parents had gone to meeting with a heavy heart; but how were they rejoiced, when they came home to hear so good an account of him.

Though he had many times appeared sorry when he had done wrong, and

was generally affectionate after having been corrected, yet he never appeared so very sorry and affectionate before. And although he had sometimes prayed in his own language, besides saying the prayers he had learned, yet he had never been known to pray in so wonderful a manner before. And they thought it was the Holy Spirit which made him feel so penitent and humble, and taught him to pray in the manner that he did. They hoped that he would soon learn to love and serve the Lord every day, and that if he lived to be a man, he would be useful. If it should be the will of God, his parents wished he might be a missionary to the heathen. This had been their desire from his infancy. But God knew better than they did what was best for him and them,—and he had other de-

signs in view, which I am now going to tell you about.

On the 9th of April, little William was taken with the canker-rash. It soon became evident that his case was dangerous. His parents loved him very dearly, and were sorry to think of parting with him by death—yet their greatest desire was, that he might be prepared to die ; and that they might be submissive to the will of God.

He had often been told that perhaps he would die young ; and many lessons that he had learned had been calculated to lead his mind to think of an early death, particularly the latter part of a catechism which he had recited many times, prepared for infant schools. I mention it because there was nothing that he learned from which he seemed to derive more benefit than from the

whole of this catechism. One answer in that is, "Children have died as young as I; and soon I may be sick and die." And now the time had come. He was very sick, and it appeared that he would soon die. It was said to him, "William, are you willing to die if God should think best?" "No," was the reply. "Why?" "Because I am afraid God will take me to hell." "Do you think you have been a wicked boy?" "Yes." "Are you sorry?" "Yes." "If God will forgive your sins, and give you a new heart, and take you to heaven, would you be willing to die?" "Yes."

Soon after this he appeared worse, and was a little wandering. In a few hours he revived a little, and his mother improved the opportunity to learn the state of his mind. She said to

him, "My son, are you now willing to die, if God should think it best?"

"Yes." "Where do you think you should go if you should die?" "To heaven." "What makes you think so?" "Because Jesus is there."

This was different from any thing he had ever said before.

He had many times been asked on going to bed, where he thought he should go, if he should die before morning. His answer always was, "to hell." And he would often express a desire that God would give him a new heart, that if he should die he might go to heaven. But never had he said before, that he thought he *should* go to heaven, although he had long known that Jesus was there. A few hours after, his mother asked him the same questions and received the same

answers. She said also, "Do you love Jesus?" "Yes." "Why?" "Because he is good." "Do you think that Jesus loves you?" "Yes." "Then you are not afraid now that God will take you to hell, are you?" "No." At another time his Ma' said to him, "God has been very good to you, my dear, to let you live so long. You have lived more than four years and a half, and God has taken good care of you all the time."

With a sweet countenance he replied, "Yes; when I was a little baby you didn't think I should live so long with you, did you?" O, it was sweet to see that he was satisfied that he had lived so long. It appeared that the Lord's good time had come to take him away, and that this was the feeling of his little heart. He made the

same remark to his papa a few hours before he died, which was the last sentence he was heard to say, except the two first lines of his prayer, which he was heard to repeat several times, after his strength was so exhausted that he could not go through with it. He had repeated it many times during his sickness; and as it is a very pretty prayer for children, I will here insert it.

“ Parent, ever kind to me,
I bow before thy throne ;
Thy mercies manifold and free,
I thankfully would own.

I come to thee a little child,
To ask thy tender care ;
Forgive my sins, my follies wild,
This is my earnest prayer.”

He was very patient in all his sufferings, and appeared affectionate to all around him, especially to his parents. The last day of his sickness his symp-

toms appeared more favorable, and his friends indulged some hope that he might possibly recover; but in this they were disappointed; and on the evening of the 12th he quietly sunk into the arms of death without a struggle or a groan.

Thus were his parents bereft of a promising little son,—and while they mourn their loss, they have thought it best to publish some account of him, hoping it may be interesting and beneficial to Sunday school children.

And now I hope that all the children who may read this story, may learn from it to think much of being prepared to die. You may die suddenly as little William did. He has often repeated the words,

“ May Jesus take me when I die,
To live with him above the sky.”

And we hope he has taken him. And now if you seek to have the blessed Saviour for your friend, then when *you* die, you will go to heaven, “because Jesus is there,” preparing a place for all who love him.

MEMOIR
OF
SARAH EMELINE M—.

SARAH EMELINE M—, died in Castleton, Vt. the 2d day of March, 1830, in the ninth year of her age. She was naturally amiable and submissive in her temper. She was never obstinate, or disposed to persist in her own views; but always ready to yield to her superiors, and also to her youthful companions. This secured for her the good will of all. When very young she used to think much about religion. Her parents had taught her early that all were sinners, and had need to be washed in the blood of Jesus. She listened to them, and did not do as some children do who have pious parents and teachers. She did not try to get away from their

instructions, nor did she listen with indifference. I will now tell you some things which will convince you that she did not hear with indifference. One Sabbath, when she was only a little more than four years old, she came home from meeting very much affected, because, as she said, "she was a sinner and must die." She asked her mother to read to her about Jesus Christ. She said she wanted a new heart, one that would own God. She continued to feel much anxiety for some time, and was often overheard praying alone to God. Her earnest prayer was that God would give her a new heart—a heart to love and serve God, and obey her parents. One day she said to her mother, "I want to know if I may pray more than twice in a day? My father does not pray but twice in the family, and I do not know as it is right for me." Her mother told her the Bible said we should pray always. She replied, "O how glad I am that I may pray as often as I wish." Are all who read this story, glad that they may pray to God? Do they know that they have wicked hearts, and pray earnestly to God to give them new hearts, hearts to love him? Many other things might be mentioned to show that she thought much

about religion, and that she took much pleasure in it. Once she said, "I am glad we are not rich; for Christ says, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." Hearing her mother express fears about what would become of them, if her father should be taken away, she said to her, with a smile, "Jesus Christ will take care of us."

But it would take too long to tell all that might be said. Emeline continued to love her Bible, and to attend Sabbath school until her last sickness, and at times continued to feel deeply about her soul, though at other times she did not appear to think so much about it. For several weeks before she fell sick she appeared unusually anxious to study the Bible, and manifested great interest in the Sabbath school. She was particularly pleased when questions were asked the children about the wickedness of the heart, and about the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. Still she did not think then that she should be so soon called to stand before Jesus Christ. So far as we could see, others were as likely to be called as she, and this shows the importance of all being ready. About the first of February

she was attacked with a disease which wasted her strength, and laid her low in death. Her bodily distress was very great, yet she never complained, but bore it all with great patience. Saturday after she was first taken ill, she requested to have preparations made that she might attend church on the Sabbath, and wanted every thing in readiness on Saturday, that there might be nothing to disturb, if she was well enough to attend. But she was not, and from that time grew worse very fast. All the time her Bible was her constant companion, and when she became too weak to hold it, she would have it set open before her, that she might read a few words at a time, as strength would allow, and think upon what she had read. For some days she expressed much anxiety about her wicked heart. She said her heart was very wicked, she wanted a new heart. There seemed to be no fear of death, and no anxiety was expressed at any time to get well. She expressed great desire to see pious people, to talk with them, and have them talk. Whenever the minister called to see her, she seemed very much pleased, and expressed great anxiety that he would come and see her often. But her great anxiety for the first

two weeks of her sickness was, that she might have a new heart and the pardon of her sins. For this she would ask all her pious friends to pray. To her teacher in the Sabbath school she said, "I am afraid my heart is not right, I have been a great sinner." One Sabbath after, she seemed to have a still deeper sense of her own sinfulness, and said to a friend who stood by her, "O what a wretch I am, O my wicked heart, what will become of me." During this time there were a great many prayers offered for her, and it is hoped God heard and answered them. All who knew her state felt anxious for her, but especially the teachers in the Sabbath school: for good teachers always love their scholars, and feel anxious for their souls. The latter part of her sickness, she appeared very calm and often expressed great delight and confidence in trusting in Christ. To her mother she said, "I hope God has given me that new heart which I needed—I think he has—I think I love God—the Saviour appears precious to me." She was very calm during the whole of her sickness, and never appeared to be terrified at death, though often told it was near. Several days before her spirit left her, she appeared to

be near her end. Her father told her he thought she was dying, and asked her if she was afraid to die ; " O no, father," said she, " the Saviour has promised to be with me and I can trust him." At another time she was asked if she wished to get well : at first she made no reply. She was asked again if she would be glad to get well if it was God's will ; she replied, " I had rather trust God."

Her patience under suffering was truly surprising. When she saw her friends weeping to see the distress she was in, she would often say, " O don't feel so about me, I hope to feel better soon." One day she overheard some persons who were sitting in the room, speaking of her patience, and thankfulness for favors done her. She immediately said to her mother, " don't let them praise me so, I fear I am not half patient enough."

All hope of her recovery was given up several days before she died, and she was told probably she must die very soon. But she appeared not in the least agitated, but said if it was God's will to take her then, she could willingly part with her parents and her companions to go and dwell with Jesus. The morning before she

died, she lay for some time apparently just breathing her last, and insensible. When she revived she asked her mother to read the Bible to her. A little after she said to her father, "you have not read and prayed this morning, wont you get the Bible and read the 4th Psalm before any one else comes in." After this she sunk down again, but revived once or twice during the day and evening. A little after midnight she called her mother, put her arms around her neck and kissed her. She then asked her mother to kneel down and pray with her. After this she requested her father to do the same, saying, "I must die, I cannot stay with you any longer ; my soul goes out in prayer all the while ; O Lord Jesus if it please thee receive my spirit ; O my precious Saviour have mercy on me." Soon after this, spasms set in, and she never spoke again. About two o'clock she stretched herself out ; her countenance assumed a sweet smile ; she breathed shorter and shorter until she breathed her last. About half past three she died, or rather seemed to fall asleep in the arms of Christ. The day following her companions in the Sabbath school, and others, came together to see her lifeless corpse—she looked

lovely even in death, and almost smiled as she lay in the coffin. They wept much, and I believe they all felt that they ought to prepare to die.

Now, my young friends, I have told you something about Emeline, and I have done it hoping it may do you good. I wish now to ask you whether you feel that you have wicked hearts, and need to have new hearts? Emeline was a very kind, affectionate and obedient child, yet she felt that she was very wicked in the sight of God. And you have all got wicked hearts, and ought to repent. I hope none of you will think a sick bed is a good place to get new hearts, and so put off seeking Christ. I want you should now seek for that new heart that this little girl wanted. It is wicked to put it off. J sus Christ wants you to give him your hearts now, and if you will do it, you may live happy, and die happy. For you must all die, and you may die soon. Now do you try to pray, and if you were to be sick would you like to talk about Jesus, and be willing to die and leave all your friends to go and be with him?

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